AN EQUIVALENT FOR DE FOE.

LEt banter ceaſe, and Poetaſters yield,
Since fam'd *De Foe* is Maſter of the Field.
What none can comprehend, he underſtands:
And What's not underſtood, his Fame Commands.
This mighty Bard, more mighty in Invention,
And moſt of all in humble Condeſcenſion,
Has left the Pleaſures of *Parnaſſus*-hill,
And Stoops ſo low as here to draw his Quil
'Mong'ſt us Rude *Scots*: his Generous Deſign
Flows like the Cat'racts of the Richeſt Mine,
From hardeſt Rocks it throws its pureſt Ore,
And ſquanders Treaſure on our barren Shore.
Thus his Deſign is to Surpriſe the Nation
With Wealth, Wit, Fame and Bardiſh Inſpiration.

How can a Feeble Muſe his Grandeur raiſe?
Let Court Triumph, and Mobb Huzza his Praiſe.
For he can ſerve moſt equally by Halves
Either Jehovah *or the Golden Calves.*

His *four Eſſays* do give us Wealth, yea more
His own vaſt Stock is added to our Store.
He is not Servile, nor does writ for Gold,
Nor is he poor, as Poets were of Old:
His Parts are Vaſt not to be bought or ſold.
So Wealth, Parts, Rhime and famous Pillorie
Are all bequeath'd to us in Legacie.
Was e'er a Kingdom half ſo great as We?
Equivalents he gives for all our Wrongs,
His Railings are Compens'd to us by Songs.
Thus *Shimei* like he fondly does pretend
To welcome home his injur'd Lord again.
Got ever Nation ſuch a happy Lot
As Great *De Foe* and Honeſt *Logy Scot*?